the frontier was closed again, and she was stranded in Finland. Finally she was able to reach Paris, but she planned to return to Petrograd. Nadya's letters were cheerless. Life was hard, but she liked her work—teaching art courses at the University—and had no plans to go abroad. My mother had no worries about Emma and me; we were safe. All her thoughts were with Nadya, and her only desire was to rejoin her as soon as possible. Emma did her best to make her life with us comfortable, but we could not persuade her to remain.

GERMANY DEFEATED AND DEFIANT

I went to Berlin for a couple of days to help the Georgian legation draft a memorandum. Berlin bore no apparent scars of the war. The streets were clean, the people adequately clothed. But the war had left deep scars in the social fabric of the nation.

In Berlin I found many refugees from Russia, a motley crowd of professors, lawyers, journalists, officials of the Tsarist regime and the Provisional Government, officers, landowners, and businessmen.

Old acquaintances advised me to move to Germany, where I could get literary work or a teaching position in a university. A Russian publisher, Grzhebin, who had settled in Berlin, offered me such work. Trained as an artist, he was a close friend of Gorky, and book publishing was his passion. His main business in Germany was printing textbooks for Russian schools, but he thought that Berlin, with freedom from censorship, was also the proper place to collect material about the Russian revolution. He offered me a contract for three volumes of memoirs for his series of *Annals of the Russian Revolution*.

When I returned to Paris, Emma and I discussed this proposal. Our work with the Georgian legation was nearing its end; life in Berlin was less expensive than in Paris, and I would have a better chance there to return to scientific work. The language made no difference —our German was as good as our French. So we decided to go to Germany.

We left Paris in the summer of 1922 and spent some weeks on the Rhine—one of the most charming spots in old Europe, a land of hills covered with vineyards, quaint villages in the valleys, and romantic castles towering above them. From Bonn we hiked upstream along the river with knapsacks, going from village to village, crossing the Rhine by steamboat wherever the ruins and spires on the opposite bank attracted our attention. There were no visible traces of fighting along the river, but evidence of defeat was conspicuous: Senegalese riflers and British and Belgian soldiers at railroad stations; flags of